The Listening Child

N.B.

THE LISTENING CHILD

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THE LISTENING CHILD

A Selection from the Stores of English Verse
Made for the Youngest Readers
and Hearers

BY

LUCY W. THACHER

An introductory note by
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

A new section of modern verse chosen by
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Illustrations by
NANCY BARNHART

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1924
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Set up and electrotyped October, 1899. Reprinted July, 1900; September, 1901; October, 1903; December, 1905.

New edition September, 1906; July, 1909; June, 1912; February, 1914; August, 1917.

New edition, October, 1924.

PRELIMINARY NOTE

SELECTIONS of poetry for children are numerous,—perhaps too numerous,—but it has not often been my lot to encounter one so carefully thought out and intelligently arranged as that of Mrs. Thacher. A mere glance at the proportions assigned to different authors and periods will show this to be true; and especially the prominence given to purely imaginative writers, like Blake and Emily Dickinson, shows a willingness to recognize and cultivate that ideal side of children which, after all, affords the best part of their lives.

The preliminary essay, although it may seem at first to demand too much from young children, and may require in some cases to be read to them, rather than by them, will be found full of suggestion and will be more and more valued with further study.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

EDITORIAL NOTE

While trustworthy texts have been followed with care, it has nevertheless been found best, in meeting the special needs of young children, to omit certain lines; and some old English words have been modernized in spelling or even replaced, occasionally, by words from the vocabulary of a child of to-day.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, as publishers of Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, and Mr. Aldrich, to Messrs. Appleton & Company, as publishers of Bryant, and to Messrs. Little, Brown & Company, as publishers of Emily Dickinson's Poems, for their courtesy in permitting the use of certain poems from their several publications; also to Mr. T. B. Aldrich, for allowing this use of his poems, and to Miss Lydia Very, for similar kindness in regard to poems of Jones Very.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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To The Yale University Press, by author's courtesy, for "The Falconer of God" from "The Falconer of God and Other Poems," by William Rose Benét; "Stars" from "The Burning Bush," by Karle Wilson Baker; "Prayer" from "Songs for Parents," by John Farrar.

A SHORT TALK TO CHILDREN ABOUT POETRY

This would be a dull world without song; if birds had nothing to say but to cry from hunger or fear, if frogs didn't croak or crickets chirp for the fun of it; worse than all, if we people had no use for words except to help in our business.

But, since language began, men have always been making poetry of it, setting up arrangements of words and lines that have a mysterious power to start strange or sweet thoughts singing through the mind.

This power seems like the power of an enchanter, for no one can fully explain it, and even the poets themselves, the enchanters, cannot tell when they are going to make it work. For they do not make true poetry all the time that they write verses. Much of the time they are just talking or humming along, perhaps pleasantly, perhaps rather stupidly, and, the first thing we know and the first thing *they* know, they are stirring our hearts with song.

That there is mystery in this power you may believe when you remember that the youngest of you has sometimes been delighted with a poem, or a part of a poem, whose meaning he could but faintly understand. Per-

haps you do not know that some very learned man, who could tell the history of every word in the lines, might quite fail to catch the beauty that was felt by that child who could not even speak distinctly.

There is much more in this than we have time now to talk about, but you can see that, since the power to make true poetry and the power truly to hear it are things that learning cannot work out, because there is something in them that we can fairly call magic, therefore you unlearned children stand side by side with your elders in this matter, and must be considered a serious part of the poet's audience. Indeed, you are of the number of his judges, and he must not give you any baby-talk.

So, in this selection of poems made for you from among the greater English poets of the past six hundred years, there are very few which were written especially for children. The best are not too good for you if you can hear them, and sometimes you can hear the sweetness or the greatness sounding through a poem, although you do not quite know what it is about.

There are poems here that may puzzle the largest of you; but there are none which are altogether beyond the hearing of the smallest. Indeed, they have been submitted, nearly all of them, to a little girl who has not yet learned to read. They had to pass an examination on their power to please her.

I hope you will not think, because I have said that the youngest ear may often catch the note of beauty in a great poem, that therefore you have nothing to learn in this matter. It is much like music; repeated thought-

ful listening will feed the power to hear, and the magic of words will grow in your understanding, so that more poetry will speak to you than at first, and that which already speaks to you will say more and more. And what is better worth your while than thus, from year to year, to gain power to receive that enchantment by which poetry, the music of language, is continually lifting and sweetening the thought of men and women and children?

Six hundred years is about the age of our poetry. For, though the language did not begin at any exact time, yet, if you should look farther back, you would find the words so different from ours that it would be like reading a foreign language.

The English language came first from North Germany, with the Anglo-Saxons, who conquered what is now England. While it was growing and changing, through the centuries, as all languages do, new conquerors came, the Normans, who brought in the French words that they had learned to use. After a while these two languages began to mix, and in the fourteenth century, the time of Chaucer, the mixture had become pretty well stirred, and most of the words we use were already in the language, though many of them wore a shape as strange and curious to our eyes as the picturesque costumes of the people whom Chaucer tells about. With some puzzling, we can make out most of what Chaucer says, and we feel that his language is ours and his poetry our poetry.

After Chaucer, the language changed less rapidly than before, for, as he was at once seen to be a great poet, writers following him were naturally familiar with his

poems, and so had a sort of monument of words to refer to. And, as more books came to be written in English, and, after a while, the printing-press was discovered and set to distributing books rapidly, the language became more and more settled, though it has never entirely stopped changing, and never will, while it is alive.

Very little of Geoffrey Chaucer's poetry is given in this collection, because his language is still too difficult for you to follow readily by yourselves; but some of you might ask your parents to read and explain to you some part of his Canterbury Tales, so that you get a feeling of his charm.

He lived in the time of Edward the Third, who was a famous fighter against the French. He was in France, in Edward's army for a while, when he was young, and all his life he was much about the court. He seems to have gone about observing all sorts of people, with eyes that were very sharp, but also very kindly. Even toward mean and wicked people we may fancy that he was thankful for their furnishing him at least with curious specimens for his collection, and the noble and beautiful things that he finds in some men and women move him to the sweetest notes of pleasure. He makes us feel very nearly related to all the variously dressed people that he shows us at the inn, and we are glad to jog along toward Canterbury in his company and theirs.

Though Chaucer's example set other men to try to do somewhat as he did, it was about two hundred years before another poet appeared who could be called great in comparison with him. The sixteenth century had

come, and had brought a wonderful waking up of the world. America had been discovered near the end of the century before, and adventurous sailors were hurrying over all the oceans. Men got the feeling that the earth, after all, was still young, and that more things were possible than they had yet dreamt of. The printing-press was scattering news and learning fast and far. Eager students were hunting through the great writings of the Greeks and Romans. It was a time of new life and new hopes.

Then many poets, stirred by this strong, fresh spirit of the time, began to sing in England. The greatest of them was Edmund Spenser. There was a rich music in him that was new to our language. We may believe that it filled men's ears with the promise that poetry, as well as the unexplored world, would reward their search with delights that they could not foresee.

In Spenser's time and after, a whole choir of fresh-hearted poets were singing in England. Soon one rose among them who was far greater than the rest, greater than Spenser or Chaucer, greater than any who has come since, greater—most English-speaking people would say—than any other, in any country, since the world began. This was Shakespeare. He began to write in the latter part of the reign of the glorious Elizabeth, and he went on in the time of her mean little successor, James the First.

To mention Shakespeare is to remind you of a wide field which is open to you for all your life, and where you will never have done finding things.

His work is mostly in the form of plays, in which

the more wonderful passages appear here and there. Sometime you will be able also to feel the strength and beauty of a whole play, taken as one splendid picture. He wrote short poems also, and he worked on all parts of life—the inside of people's hearts, as well as their manners and doings and surroundings.

It is interesting to know that Shakespeare, who has more to tell, even to the wisest, than any other poet, was not at all a learned man, hardly a well-educated one, if we speak of study from books. But he had the magic gift that showed him everywhere the poetry of life, and taught him how to tell it.

Though Shakespeare was so much greater than any of the men about him, there were other notes than his in the air. Not even he could carry another poet's message, and so you have not one, but many, profitable acquaintances to make in that interesting time. One of the most delightful of them is Ben Jonson, a hearty admirer of Shakespeare, more of a scholar and more of a courtier than he, singing, like him, with strength and spirit, but in his own different and independent way.

As the seventeenth century went on, there was a loss of that fresh sense of hope and vigour in poetry, though something very like it is to be found here and there, as for instance, in some of the songs of the gay-hearted followers of the unhappy King Charles. Disaster sweetened their high spirit, and the bravest music rose from behind their prison bars.

The greatest poet of the latter part of the century is Milton. He was a Puritan, the stern opposite of the Cavalier singers, yet he too was full of the love of

beauty. He was a scholar, very familiar with the Greek and Latin writers, and his learning appears in his poetry. For, just as we have seen that the gift of poetry does not come from learning, so also learning is unable to injure it. The beauty of Milton is often of a sort that children are perhaps unlikely to notice, lying in a calm and noble choice and arrangement of words. But some passages of lighter and livelier spirit would certainly reach your ears.

His greatest poem, "Paradise Lost," telling the story of Adam and Eve, was written when he was old and entirely blind. Perhaps his blindness made him see more clearly the pictures of his strong and steady fancy.

In the next century, the eighteenth, poetry, on the whole, lost its way. Now and then a man would strike a true singing note, without knowing why. But the poets were working, for the most part, under the strange notion that poetry was a matter of knowledge and of rule. They had forgotten the song in it, and that song is a thing of the heart, of enchantment. And they went on making what they called poetry, some of it full of wit or fancy, showing great skill, but only once in a while rising into true song.

One might have thought the fire had gone out. But it was only sleeping under the ashes, and toward the end of the century it began to flame again.

Strangely enough, this rekindling of true poetry in England showed first, clearly, in the writing of a man who was a sad sufferer from disease of the mind. This was Cowper. His poetry, here and there at least,

revives the charm of words. Following his signal note other clear voices began to be heard. It was as if the birds, dumb through a long time of cloudy weather, were greeting a brighter sky with an outburst of music.

Blake was one of these new singers, and in some of the selections given in this book you may hear the magic note, as fresh as the morning call of chanticleer.

Robert Burns is the most interesting figure of this time. He had even less learning than Shakespeare. He was following the plough on his Scotch farm when his songs began to be heard, and he never grew out of the condition of a very poor man. Yet the wisest men of his day, and ever since, have acknowledged the great gift that we have received from his musical heart. No one has given better proof that poetry has something other than learning in it, and since his time that lesson has seldom been forgotten.

Nor has true poetry ever, since then, fallen silent in our language. In varying volume, the true tone has always been sounding. The voice of Burns stopped just before the beginning of this century, that is now nearly done, and other voices have kept continuously in the air a music worthy of the ploughman leader. These voices have been both great and small, but they have been enough to show that the nineteenth century has been one of the great centuries of English poetry. If we set aside Shakespeare, the greatest poet of all, it would be hard to show that any century has been greater than this last.

You may feel sure, therefore, that your century,

the twentieth, will not fail of its singing voices. The world's age does not wear out either the gift or the need of it.

Some of you may be among the singers. But those who are hearers only, if they hear well and faithfully, will be doing part of the work. For poets cannot sing to stupid or heedless ears.

And this spirit of poetry, whose charm you all feel, here and there at least, in such selections as these, has other ways of showing itself than by the written word. It shines often in the lives of men and women and children, making some people's talk a delight to hear, making some approaching footsteps even sound sweetly on the walk. I can have no better wish for you than that you may be bearers of this incandescent light. It will help you to read poetry, and it will be most convenient and delightful for all your acquaintances.

E. S. T.

1899

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PART FIRST

THE LISTENING CHILD

MORNING

From CYMBELINE

HARK, HARK! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.

—*William Shakespeare.*

SONG—THE GREENWOOD TREE

From AS YOU LIKE IT

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

—*William Shakespeare.*

QUEEN MAB

From ROMEO AND JULIET

O THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon spokes made of long spinner's legs:
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazelnut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream.

—*William Shakespeare.*

ARIEL'S SONGS

From THE TEMPEST

I

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

II

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow,
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow!

III

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange;
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, bell.

—*William Shakespeare.*

LULLABY FOR TITANIA

From Midsummer Night's Dream

First Fairy.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So good-night, with lullaby.

—*William Shakespeare.*

SONG OF THE FAIRY

From MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favours.
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE APPROACH OF THE FAIRIES

From MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide;
And we fairies, that do run,
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house;
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.
Through the house give glimmering light;
By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
First rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
We will sing and bless this place.

—*William Shakespeare.*

A MADRIGAL

From The Passionate Pilgrim

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare;
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

—*William Shakespeare.*

WINTER

From Love's Labour's Lost

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
    Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
  And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl
    Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

—*William Shakespeare.*

MADRIGAL

From The Merchant of Venice

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
  Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—ding, dong, bell.
—Ding, dong, bell.

—*William Shakespeare.*

WHO IS SYLVIA?

From The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all the swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise, is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might adorèd be.

Is she kind, or is she fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love does to her eyes repair
To help him of his blindness—
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

—*William Shakespeare.*

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW?

From HAMLET

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE NIGHTINGALE

From CYNTHIA, ETC.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Everything did banish moan
Save the nightingale alone.

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by:
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee:
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

—*Richard Barnfield.*

QUEEN MAB'S VISIT TO PIGWIGGEN

From NYMPHIDIA: THE COURT OF FAIRY

HER chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be staid,
For nought must be her letting;—
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,

Fly Cranion her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel;
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat, the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a pied butterfly;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce:
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab, his queen, should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot in a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to begone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drab, so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were

To Mab, their sovereign, dear,
  Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Fin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
  The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge or ditch they spared not,
  But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
  Lest any should espy them.

—*Michael Drayton.*

SWEET SUFFOLK OWL

Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers, like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
  Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
  Te whit, te whoo!

—*Thomas Vautor.*

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day;
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

—*Thomas Nash.*

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ben Jonson.*

A WISH

From THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED

THE fairy beam upon you,
The stars to glisten on you;
A moon of light
In the noon of night,
Till the fire drake hath o'ergone you!
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you!

—*Ben Jonson.*

CHARIS' TRIUMPH

From UNDERWOODS

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamoured do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!

Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the element's strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she!

—*Ben Jonson.*

ÆGLAMOUR'S LAMENT

From The Sad Shepherd

Here she was wont to go, and here, and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk;
But like the soft west-wind she shot along;
And where she went, the flowers took the thickest root
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot.

—*Ben Jonson.*

HYMN TO DIANA

From Cynthia's Revels

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishèd sight
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

—*Ben Jonson.*

PHYLLIS

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phyllis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strainèd moisture, rare delight,
Her hand seemed milk, in milk it was so white.

—*William Drummond.*

TO PAN

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies
Let us fling
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young:
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

—*John Fletcher.*

FOLDING THE FLOCKS

Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up; for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.

See the dew-drops, how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds, low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from underground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours, fly apace,
And hover o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom.
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountains and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty, thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourself from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And deserve your master's love.
Now, good-night! May sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids. So farewell;
Thus I end my evening knell.

—*John Fletcher.*

RUSTIC SONG

From THE SUN'S DARLING

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your summer queen!
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green!
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday!
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl.
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine.
Let us die ere away they be borne.

Bow to our Sun, to our Queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports;
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts,
These and me,
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow.
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsman, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;

Spring up, you falconers, partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly!
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho! ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls: hark! how they ring.

—*Thomas Dekker.*

LULLABY

From PATIENT GRISSEL

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

—*Thomas Dekker.*

SONG—MORNING

From The Rape of Lucrece

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow.
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

—*Thomas Heywood.*

PRAISE OF CERES

From Silver Age

With fair Ceres, Queen of Grain,
The reapèd fields we roam,

Each country peasant, nymph and swain
  Sing their harvest home,
Whilst the Queen of Plenty hallows
Growing fields as well as fallows.

Echo, double all our lays,
  Make the champians sound
To the Queen of Harvest's praise,
  That sows and reaps our ground:
Ceres, Queen of Plenty, hallows
Growing fields as well as fallows.

—*Thomas Heywood.*

THE HUNTED SQUIRREL

From Britannia's Pastorals

Then as a nimble squirrel from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filbert-food,
Sits pertly on a bough his brown nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking,
Till with their crooks and bags a sort of boys,
To share with him, come with so great a noise
That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leap to a neighbour oak,
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the quagmires and red water plashes
The boys run dabbling through thick and thin,
One tears his hose, another breaks his shin,
This torn and tatter'd, hath with much ado
Got by the briers; and that hath lost his shoe;

This drops his band; that headlong falls for haste;
Another cries behind for being last;
With sticks and stones, and many a sounding hollow.
The little fool with no small sport they follow,
Whilst he from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray.

—*William Browne.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF WALLA

From BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS

A GREEN silk frock her comely shoulders clad,
And took delight that such a seat it had,
Which at her middle gathered up in pleats
A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.

Down to her waist her mantle loose did fall,
Which Zephyr, as afraid, still played withal;
About the edges curious to behold
A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold.

Upon her leg a pair of buskins white
Studded with orient pearl and chrysolite,
And, like her mantle, stitch'd with gold and green,
(Fairer yet never wore the forest's queen).

A silver quiver at her back she wore,
With darts and arrows for the stag and boar;
But in her eyes she had such darts again
Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men.

Her left hand held a knotty Brazil bow,
Whose strength with tears she made the red deer know.
So clad, so armed, so dressed to win her will,
Diana never trod on Latmus hill.

Walla, the fairest nymph that haunts the woods,
Walla, beloved of shepherds, fauns, and floods,
Walla, for whom the frolic satyrs pine,
Walla, with whose fine foot the flowerets twine,
Walla, of whom sweet birds their duties move,
Walla, the earth's delight and Tavy's love.

—*William Browne.*

FOR SUMMER TIME

From HALLELUJAH

Now the glories of the year
May be viewèd at the best,
And the earth doth now appear
In her fairest garments dress'd;
  Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
  Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mixed with pleasure profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was,
Herds on every mountain go,
In the meadows flowery grass
Makes both milk and honey flow;
  Now each orchard banquets giveth,
  Every hedge with fruit relieveth;

And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruits or berries be.

Walks and ways which winter marr'd
By the winds are swept and dried;
Moorish grounds are now so hard
That on them we safe may ride;
  Warmth enough the sun doth lend us;
  From his heat the shades defend us;
And thereby we share in these
Safety, profit, pleasure, ease.

Other blessings, many more,
At this time enjoyed may be,
And in this my song therefore
Praise I give, O Lord! to Thee;
  Grant that this my free oblation
  May have gracious acceptation,
And that I may well employ
Everything which I enjoy.

—*George Wither.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
  Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
  And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
  And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabour,
Young men and maids and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller,
And whilèst thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echo ring,
Woods and hills, and everything
Bear witness we are merry.

—*George Wither.*

SPRING

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the bumble-bee.

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring!
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.

—*Thomas Carew.*

TO VIOLETS

Welcome, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Ye're the Maiden Posies
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

—*Robert Herrick.*

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring:
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—*Robert Herrick.*

THE BAG OF THE BEE

About the sweet bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

—*Robert Herrick.*

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS

First, *April,* she with mellow show'rs
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling *May,*
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters *June,* and brings us more
Gems, than those two, that went before:
Then, lastly, *July* comes, and she
More wealth brings in, than all those three.

—*Robert Herrick.*

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
O, things without compare!

Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
The king (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stay'd:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
Perchance as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring,
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But O she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face;
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick:

And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

On a sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

—*Sir John Suckling.*

THE GRASSHOPPER

From Ode to Mr. C. Cotton

Oh! thou that swing'st upon the waving ear
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear,
Dropt thee from heaven, where thou wert reared;

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly,
And, when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the Sun thou welcomest then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

—*Richard Lovelace.*

VIRTUE

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—*George Herbert.*

THE THIRSTY EARTH SOAKS UP THE RAIN

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair,
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,

Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By its drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.

—*Abraham Cowley.*

THE GRASSHOPPER

Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice:
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.

The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee, country minds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal)
Sated with the summer feast
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

—*Abraham Cowley.*

ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—*John Milton.*

N.B.

SONGS

From Comus

A lady, lost in a wood, has fallen in with an enchanter, Comus, who, by a spell, has fixed her in a chair from which she cannot stir. Her two brothers have come and put the enchanter to flight, but the spell still holds her. A friendly spirit appeals in her behalf to the water nymph Sabrina.

Spirit's Song to Sabrina

Sabrina fair,
  Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
  In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
    Listen for dear honour's sake,
    Goddess of the silver lake,
      Listen and save.
Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have;
      Listen and save.

(*Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.*)

  By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
      My sliding chariot stays,

Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

Spirit,—

Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabrina,—

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnarèd chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip;
Next this marble venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
Now the spell hath lost his hold;

N.B.

And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.
(*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.*)

—*John Milton.*

WHAT WONDROUS LIFE IS THIS I LEAD?

From THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

WHAT wondrous life is this I lead?
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

—*Andrew Marvell.*

THE TRUMPET'S LOUD CLANGOR

From A Song for St. Cecelia's Day

The trumpet's loud clangour
Excites us to arms
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

—*John Dryden.*

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—*Alexander Pope.*

MY PEGGY

From The Gentle Shepherd

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of all that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blithe and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At waulking of the fauld.

—*Allan Ramsay.*

TO A FLY

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may!
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to this decline:—
Thine's a summer: mine's no more,
Though repeated to three-score:—
Three-score summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

—William Oldys.

NIGHTINGALE

From The Seasons: Spring

Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clown
Robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

James Thomson.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gi'e me my cloak! I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;
Put on the muckle pot;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And mak' the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

O gi'e me down my gibonet,
My bishop satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae more to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest above the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
In troth, I'm like to greet.

—*Jean Adams.*

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets blow.

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around,
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me such plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

—*William Shenstone.*

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

Now sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

—*William Collins.*

SPRING

From Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude

Now the golden morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
  She woos the tardy spring;
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
  The birds his presence greet:

But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

—*Thomas Gray.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER

From The Deserted Village

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There is his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher, too;
Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

THE CRICKET

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Every dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Formed as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song—
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

—*William Cowper.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the Glow-worm by his spark.
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine,
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

—*William Cowper.*

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

—*William Cowper.*

ON A SPANIEL CALLED "BEAU" KILLING A YOUNG BIRD

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
Each trifle that he sees.

But you have killed a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chased with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man?

BEAU'S REPLY

Sir, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried—"Forbear!"—but in my breast
A mightier cried—"Proceed!"—
'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as Nature I respect,
I ventured once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting pressed the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kiss'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse
My disobedience now,
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved Bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime,
(Which I can hardly see,)
What think you, sir, of killing Time
With verse address'd to me?

—*William Cowper.*

THE FAITHFUL BIRD

The Greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoyed the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at last to gain
A pass between the wires.

The opened windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Return'd him to his own.

—*William Cowper.*

THE FIRST SWALLOW

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding, and, beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath, of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
The swallow, too, has come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she past.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch
At the gray dawn of day.

—*Charlotte Smith.*

THE USEFUL PLOUGH

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep,
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,

On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough.

—*Anonymous.*

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,—
Gie'd me her promise true;
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,—
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,—

Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

—*Anonymous.*

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

—*Anonymous.*

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

Chorus

Up in the morning's no' for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's no' for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

—*Robert Burns.*

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.

—*Robert Burns.*

TIBBIE DUNBAR

O wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie,
His lands and his money,
I care na thy kindred,
Sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt hae me
For better for waur—
And come in thy coatie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

—*Robert Burns.*

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY

Chorus

O MOUNT and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.
When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's Lady.

—*Robert Burns.*

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth:
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

—*Robert Burns.*

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

—*Robert Burns.*

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER

When first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted a crown;
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather,—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gie them a brush;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

—*Robert Burns.*

A RED, RED ROSE

O, MY luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June!
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

—*Robert Burns.*

THE WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
  This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
  And think my lot divine.

—*Robert Burns.*

PHYLLIS THE FAIR

While larks with little wing
  Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing Spring,
  Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
  Phyllis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,
  Glad I did share;
While yon wild flowers among,
  Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
  Phyllis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
  Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk,
  Caught in a snare:
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny!
He who would injure thee,
  Phyllis the fair.

—*Robert Burns.*

BANNOCKBURN

Robert Bruce's Address to His Army

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

—*Robert Burns.*

CHLOE

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful charming Chloe
From peaceful slumbers she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around, on every tree,

In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

—*Robert Burns.*

THE CHILD AND THE PIPER

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer;
"Piper, pipe that song again,"
So I piped, he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."

So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

—*William Blake.*

A CRADLE SONG

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast,
Where thy little heart doth rest.

Oh, the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful light shall break.

—*William Blake.*

A LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

—*William Blake.*

THE ECHOING GREEN

The sun does arise
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
"Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green."
Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

—*William Blake.*

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly bright;

Gave thee such a tender voice
Making all the vales rejoice;
  Little Lamb, who made thee?
  Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls Himself a Lamb:—
He is meek and he is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.
  Little Lamb, God bless thee;
  Little Lamb, God bless thee.

—*William Blake.*

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
  And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
  And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
  And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
  Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
  And we cannot go to sleep;

Besides in the sky the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd
And all the hills echoèd.

—*William Blake.*

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
  Where birds are cover'd warm,
They visit caves of every beast,
  To keep them all from harm:—
    If they see any weeping
    That should have been sleeping
    They pour sleep on their head,
    And sit down by their bed.

—*William Blake.*

INFANT JOY

"I HAVE no name;
I am but two days old."
—What shall I call thee?
  "I happy am;
  Joy is my name."
—Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old;
Sweet joy I call thee:
  Thou dost smile:
  I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

—*William Blake.*

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

—*William Blake.*

AN EPITAPH ON A ROBIN REDBREAST

Tread lightly here, for here, 'tis said
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone or leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;
But love, and joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing!

—*Samuel Rogers.*

TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far-off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
  Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
  That golden time again.

O blessèd bird! the earth we pace,
  Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
  That is fit home for thee!

—*William Wordsworth.*

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
  In such a jocund company;

I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO A SKYLARK

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree;
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,

From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

—*William Wordsworth.*

WRITTEN IN MARCH

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon;
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watch'd you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas

More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Has found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY

Art thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin?
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird that by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother:
The darling of children and men?
Could Father Adam open his eyes,
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.
—If the Butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree:
In and out he darts about;
Can this be the bird to man so good,
That after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood?
What ailed thee, Bobin, that thou couldst pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the Summer sky,
From flower to flower let him fly;

'Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerer, Thou, of our indoor sadness,
He is the friend of our Summer gladness:
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the Summer weather,
And fly about in the air together?
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thy own:
Wouldst thou be happy in thy nest,
O pious bird! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone!

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

—*William Wordsworth.*

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *wee,* hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou

Nay! start not at that sparkling light
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain:
There, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

—*Dorothy Wordsworth.*

A SUNNY SHAFT DID I BEHOLD

A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted!

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst!

And thus he sang: "Adieu! adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms they make no delay:
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay
Sweet month of May
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!"

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

HUNTING SONG

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.
—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE CHILD IN THE WILDERNESS

ENCINCTURED with a twine of leaves—
That leafy twine his only dress—
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits
By moonlight in a wilderness.
The moon was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew,
On many a shrub and many a tree;
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.
It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd—
That beauteous Boy! to linger here?
Alone by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving mother near?
—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the
Dove,
The Linnet, and Thrush say, "I love, and I love!"

In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing and loving all come back together.
"I love, and I love," almost all the birds say
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."
'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim,
When he loves his Love, and his Love loves him.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea.
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sail from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eyes on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

—*Robert Southey.*

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh

" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Bethlehem then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
  Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
  And newborn baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
  After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
  Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
  And our good Prince Eugene;"
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
  Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
  Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
  Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

—*Robert Southey.*

BOAT SONG

From The Lady of the Lake

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,

Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide;
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
And dame and knight are there;
They sought her both by bower and ha';
The lady was not seen—
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

ALLEN-A-DALE

From ROKEBY

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word,
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home;
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles," said Allen-a-dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

COUNTY GUY

From QUENTIN DURWARD

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHILD

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,—
Thy mother's a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
Oho ro, iri ri, cadul gu lo,
Oho ro, iri ri, cadul gu lo.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.
Oho ro, iri ri, cadul gu lo,
Oho ro, iri ri, cadul gu lo.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum:
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.
Oho ro, iri ri, cadul gu lo,
Oho ro, iri ri, cadul gu lo.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,
  Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
  Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
  From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
  Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
  True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
  Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
  The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
  The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges.
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
  Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
  Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
  See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
  Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
  Knell for the onset!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

LOCHINVAR

From MARMION

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

BORDER BALLAD

From THE MONASTERY

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My Native Land—Good-night.

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!
  Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
  Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
  Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
  More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
  I fear not wave nor wind:
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
  Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
  A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
  But thee—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
  Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
  Till I come back again."—
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
  Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
  Mine own would not be dry."

—*Lord Byron.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm!—it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

—*Lord Byron.*

AUTUMN: A DIRGE

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the Year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead
Is lying.

Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE WIDOW BIRD

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves, when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

FAERY SONG

Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flowers will bloom another year.
Weep no more! oh weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! oh dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up, look up. I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! oh shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu,—I fly, adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu! adieu!

—*John Keats.*

MEG MERRILIES

Old Meg she was a gypsy,
And lived upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;

Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But, every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip-hat had she on:
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long agone!

—*John Keats.*

SONG

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died:
And I have thought it died of grieving:
Oh, what could it grieve for? its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving.
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest tree;
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

—*John Keats.*

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

—*John Keats.*

ROBIN HOOD

To a Friend

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn.
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe";

All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood
Sleeping in the underwood:
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

—*John Keats.*

NOVEMBER

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the moon's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

THE PARROT—A TRUE STORY

A PARROT, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

POOR DOG TRAY

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)

"Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away:
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my old dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

GLENARA

Oh, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed but mourned not aloud.
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence—they looked on the ground.

In silence they reached, over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn;
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud:
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn,—
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn,—

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief;
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock in the ocean that beauty is borne,—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

—*Thomas Campbell.*

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:

One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;

Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

—*Thomas Moore.*

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

—*Thomas Moore.*

JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou ben adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—the vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feet of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
Indoors and out, summer and winter,—Mirth!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and, if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

—*Charles Lamb.*

THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

—*James Hogg.*

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river, and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—*James Hogg.*

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day;
I grat to see the lad come back
That had been lang away.

And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

And ilka bonnie lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
"Our king shall hae his ain again,
And Charlie is the man":
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,
And down the craigy glen,
Of naething else our lassies sing
But Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
And glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
And Charlie he's our ain.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

—*James Hogg.*

THE THRUSH'S NEST

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy; and oft an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue;
And there I witness'd, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

—*John Clare.*

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey,"
She put forth her mettle and gallop'd away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glow'd,
The good priest discover'd, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he long'd for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveller this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond revery;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

—*Thomas Love Peacock.*

SONG—FOR THE TENDER BEECH AND THE SAPLING OAK

For the tender beech and the sapling oak,
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You can never teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

—*Thomas Love Peacock.*

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea—
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high—
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud—

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—*Allan Cunningham.*

MY AIN COUNTREE

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.
Oh, gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countree.

Oh, it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie:
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back—oh, never,
To my ain countree.

I'm leal to the high heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countree.

—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE SEA

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O! how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I lov'd the great Sea more and more,

And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded Sea!

—*Barry Cornwall (B. W. Procter).*

THE OWL

In the hollow tree, in the gray old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk,—he's abroad and well:
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away;
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl!

And the owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
  And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine cold
  She waiteth her ghastly groom!
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
  As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
  She hoots out her welcome shrill!
    O, when the moon shines, and the dogs do howl,
    Then, then is the cry of the hornèd owl!

Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
  The owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
  He is lord in the dark green wood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate;
  They are each unto each a pride—
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
  Hath rent them from all beside!
    So when the night falls, and dogs do howl!
    Sing Ho! for the reign of the hornèd owl!
We know not alway who are kings by day,
  But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

—*Barry Cornwall* (*B. W. Procter*).

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—*Thomas Hood.*

SONG

A LAKE and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But fairies have broke their wands
And wishing has lost its power!

—*Thomas Hood.*

RORY O'MORE

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn;
He was bold as a hawk,—she as soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do *that* was to *tease.*
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
(Reproof on her lip but a smile in her eye,)
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm
about,
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plas'd that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to *soothering* Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love *you* than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go;
Sure I drame ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh," says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For *drames* always go by conthraries, my dear;
Oh, jewel, keep draming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 'tis plas'd that I am, and why not to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More,

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
Sure I've thrash'd, for your sake, Dinney Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a *baste,*
So I think after that I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips;—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure;
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

—*Samuel Lover.*

BABY DEAR

Cradle Song of the Buccaneer's Wife

In thy hammock gently sleeping,
Dearest baby, have no fear;
While thy mother watch is keeping
Danger never can come near.
I am here,
Baby dear,
Mother's eyes
Watch her prize;
Pois'nous wing
Nor noisome sting
Shall harm thy sleep,
Tho' I may weep,
Weep for one that's far from me
Far across the stormy sea.
Let me dash the tear away!—
Better far to hope and pray;
Oh, solace rare!

A tear may mingle with a pray'r,
A pray'r for thee, my baby dear,
And one, alas! that is not here,—
Baby dear, baby dear,
In thy hammock calmly swinging,
Gently is thy mother singing
Lullaby to thee.

—*Samuel Lover.*

THE ANGELS' WHISPER

A BABY was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
"Oh, blest be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

—*Samuel Lover.*

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day;
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love;
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in her low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,

Than a coach and four, and gold *galore,*
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher;
Oh, my heart would beat high,
At her glance or her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

—*Samuel Lover.*

IVRY

A Song of the Huguenots

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud City of the Waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance
of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn
of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array;
With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of
our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's
empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate
of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his
eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our
lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he
may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the
ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled
din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin,
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne,
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the
lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-
varre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance and all along our van,
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
O, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white,
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church such woe

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest
point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of
Navarre

—*Lord Macaulay (Thomas Babington Macaulay).*

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER

Come listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye;—
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh!
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Graemes;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier.
All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land,—
The Prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
  When the standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
  On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
  The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath
  He gave his soul to God,
    Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
      All of the olden time!

O, never shall we know again
  A heart so stout and true,—
The olden times have passed away,
  And weary are the new;
The fair white rose has faded
  From the garden where it grew,
But no fond tears save those of heaven,
  The glorious bed bedew
    Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
      All of the olden time!

—*William Edmondstoune Aytoun.*

THE SEA

To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er,
  The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,

And unseen Mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our white-wing'd bark
  Shall billowy cleave its watery way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
  Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mountain eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height:
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
Our sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

—*Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
  As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
  O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
  The sods with our bayonets turning:
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
  And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
  Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
  With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

—*Charles Wolfe.*

THE SEA-FOWLER

The baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea-fowl belong alone to me.

The baron hunts the running deer, the fisher nets the brine;
But every bird that builds a nest on ocean-cliffs is mine.

Come on then,—Jock and Alick, let's to the sea-rocks bold:
I was train'd to take the sea-fowl ere I was five years old.

The wild sea roars, and lashes the granite crags below,
And round the misty islets the loud, strong tempests blow.

And let them blow! Roar wind and wave, they shall not me dismay;
I've faced the eagle in her nest and snatch'd her young away.

The eagle shall not build her nest, proud bird although she be,
Nor yet the strong-wing'd cormorant, without the leave of me.

The eider-duck has laid her eggs, the tern doth hatch her young,
And the merry gull screams o'er her brood; but all to me belong.

Away then in the daylight, and back again ere eve;
The eagle could not rear her young, unless I gave her leave.

The baron hath the landward park, the fisher hath the sea;
But the rocky haunts of the sea-fowl belong alone to me.

—*Mary Howitt.*

SUMMER WOODS

Come ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old;
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads
As if in heartsome cheer:
They spake unto these little things,
"'Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

—*Mary Howitt.*

VIOLETS

Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

—*John Moultrie.*

THE BABIE

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockings on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snow,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her pucker'd lip and bonny mou',
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings.

—*Hugh Miller.*

WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what, wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a body's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

—*William Miller.*

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

Word was brought to the Danish King
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pin'd for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need:
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers stagger'd and sank;
Bridles were slacken'd and girths were burst:
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and falter'd, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king look'd back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smil'd;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropp'd and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo return'd on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcom'd the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearn'd for his voice while dying!

The panting steed with a drooping crest,
  Stood weary.
The king return'd from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
  And that dumb companion eying.
The tears gush'd forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride has been in vain
  To the halls where my love lay dying!"

—*Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (Lady Stirling Maxwell).*

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
  Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
  Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
    Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
  Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
  Hear him call in his merry note:
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
    Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom, bright with morning dew,
And colour'd with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dress'd,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if the hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry song we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away!
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing, humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.

Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness, without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean,
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

FABLE

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ: all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE RHODORA

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall:

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too:
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again:
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchard and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;

Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks
that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yel-
low ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant
fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere
of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creak-
ing wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and
grain;
Till broad and red as when he rose, the sun sank down,
at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness
passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,
stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shad-
ows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet with-
out name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking-ballad sung.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

TWILIGHT

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of the sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
  There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
  Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
  As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
  To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
  Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
  Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
  And the night wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
  Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
  And the night wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
  Drive the colour from her cheek?

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
  And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
  And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

From HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

THERE the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door, on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,

"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up its brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,

Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he cried, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

SERENADE

From THE SPANISH STUDENT

STARS of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

PEGASUS IN POUND

Once into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapour veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

W.B.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapours cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And from out a neighbouring farm-yard
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—

Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

OLD IRONSIDES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TO THE HUMMING-BIRD

I CANNOT heal thy green gold breast,
Where deep those cruel teeth have prest,
Nor bid thee raise thy ruffled crest,
And seek thy mate,
Who sits alone within thy nest,
Nor sees thy fate.

No more with him in summer hours
Thou'lt hum amid the leafy bowers,
Nor hover round the dewy flowers,
To feed thy young;
Nor seek, when evening darkly lowers,
Thy nest high hung.

No more thou'lt know a mother's care
Thy honeyed spoils at eve to share,
Nor teach thy tender brood to dare
With upward spring,
Their path through fields of sunny air,
On new-fledged wing.

For thy return in vain shall wait
Thy tender young, thy fond, fond mate,
Till night's last stars beam forth full late
On their sad eyes;
Unknown, alas! thy cruel fate,
Unheard thy cries!

—*Jones Very.*

THE BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the morn was shining clear.

—*James T. Fields.*

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery.

Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;—

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
  Motion thy rest;—

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

STAND BY THE FLAG!

Stand by the Flag! Its stars, like meteors gleaming,
  Have lighted Arctic icebergs, Southern seas,
And shown responsive to the stony beaming
  Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the Flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow,
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing passed it on to you.

Stand by the Flag! Immortal heroes bore it
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat, and armed defence,
And their imperial shades still hover o'er it,—
A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

Stand by the Flag, though death shots round it rattle,
And underneath its waving folds have met,
In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
The quiv'ring lance and glitt'ring bayonet!

Stand by the Flag, all doubt and danger scorning!
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it shall float until th' eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time.

—*John Nichols Wilder.*

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From their smoky night encampment, bore the banner
of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, roll'd the roll of
the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green sodded
acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-
powder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red Saint George's
Cannoneers,
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
'Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot, sweeping anger, came the Horse Guards' clangour
On our flanks;
And higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
His broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared our iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

—Guy Humphreys McMaster.

THE MUFFLED DRUM'S SAD ROLL

From BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

A number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed.
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—*Lord Houghton* (*Richard Monckton Milnes*).

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward;
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

SONG

The Owl

I

When cats run home, and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Second Song

To the Same

I

Thy tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
  Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
  So took echo with delight,
  So took echo with delight,
    That her voice untuneful grown,
    Wears all day a fainter tone.

II

I would mock thy chant anew;
  But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
  Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
  Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
    With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
    Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale sea-groves straight and high
Chasing each other merrily.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;

N.B.

With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE BUGLE SONG

From The Princess

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

CRADLE SONG

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

WHEN?

Sun comes, moon comes,
  Time slips away,
Sun sets, moon sets,
  Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."
  "We shall both be gray."
"A month hence, a month hence."
  "Far, far away."

"A week hence, a week hence."
  "Ah, the long delay."
"Wait a little, wait a little,
  You shall fix a day."

"To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
  And that's an age away."
Blaze upon her window, sun,
  And honour all the day.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

WINTER

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth
But not into mine.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

LULLABY

From The Princess

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest on Mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays;
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark! where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower.

—*Robert Browning.*

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle, before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silver gray,
(Cho.) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay,
(Cho.) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
(Cho.) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away"?

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?
(Cho.) 'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!' "

—*Robert Browning.*

SONG

From PIPPA PASSES

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

—*Robert Browning.*

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect,—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself as sheathes
A film the Mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

—*Robert Browning.*

CHILDREN GATHERING PALMS

From A Vision of Poets

But hark! a distant sound that grows,
A heaving, sinking of the boughs,
A rustling murmur, not of those,

A breezy noise which is not breeze!
And white-clad children by degrees
Steal out in troops among the trees,—

Fair little children, morning-bright,—
With faces grave, yet soft to sight,
Expressive of restrained delight.

Some plucked the palm-boughs within reach,
And others leapt up high to catch
The upper boughs, and shake from each

A rain of dew, till, wetted so,
The child who held the branch let go,
And it swang backward with a flow

Of faster drippings. Then I knew
The children laughed; but the laugh flew
From its own chirrup as might do

A frightened song-bird; and a child
Who seemed the chief, said, very mild,
"Hush! keep this morning undefiled."

His eyes rebuked them from calm spheres;
His soul upon his brow appears,
In waiting for more holy years.

I called the child to me, and said,
"What are your palms for?"—"To be spread,"
He answered, "on a poet dead.

"The poet died last month, and now
The world, which had been somewhat slow
In honouring his living brow,

"Commands the palms; they must be strown
On his new marble very soon,
In a procession of the town."

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed it shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,

Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,—
Tied the bonnet, donn'd the shoe,
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs, she stoops and stops:
Lo! the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE NECKAN

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
  Green rolls the Baltic Sea;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
  His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
  Its shells and roses pale;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
  He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
  And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth,
  Far from the kind sea-wave.

Sings how a knight, he wander'd
  By castle, field, and town—
But earthly knights have harder hearts
  Than the sea-children own.

Sings of his early bridal—
  Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
"—And who art thou," the priest began,
  "Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day?"—

"—I am no knight," he answered;
  "From the sea-waves I come."—
The knights drew sword, the ladies scream'd,
  The surprised priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanished with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea-halls,
Beneath the salt sea-tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
"—False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps;
"No Christian mate have I."—

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross.
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and play'd his harp of gold,
Beside the river-pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan—
Tears fill'd his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassock'd priest rode by.

"—Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt Heaven behold."—

But lo, the staff, it budded!
  It green'd, it branch'd, it waved.
"—O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
  "This lost sea-creature saved!"

The cassock'd priest rode onwards,
  And vanished with his mule;
But Neckan in the twilight gray,
  Wept by the river-pool.

He wept: "The earth hath kindness,
  The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
  But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands,
  The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
  And sings this plaintive song.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

CALLICLES' SONG OF APOLLO

From Empedocles on Etna

On the sward at the cliff-top
  Lie strewn the white flocks;
On the cliff-side the pigeons
  Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
  Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
  Asleep on the hills.

What forms are these coming
  So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
  The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
  Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
  The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
  His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
  But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
  They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
  The glorified train?

They bathe on this mountain,
  In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
  Their endless abode.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

EVENING

From BACCHANALIA

THE evening comes, the fields are still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone.
And from the thyme upon the height
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the fields are still.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Link'd arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

AFTER THE STORM

From The White Squall

And when,—its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
  Came blushing o'er the sea,—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
  A prayer at home for me.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY

From VANITY FAIR

THE rose upon my balcony, the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter time and piuing for the spring;
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is blooming;
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood ringing,
Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were blowing keen.
And if, Mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,
It is because the sun is out and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, Mamma; the birds have found their voices,
The blowing rose a flush, Mamma, her bonny cheek to dye;
And there's sunshine in my heart, Mamma, which wakens and rejoices,
And so I sing and blush, Mamma, and that's the reason why.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

THE SANDS OF DEE

"Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see,
The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the best;
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the sun went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE "OLD, OLD SONG"

From The Water Babies

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen,—
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,—

Creep home, and take your place there,
  The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
  You loved when all was young.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE FAIRIES

A Child's Song

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home,—
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake.

High on the hill-tops
  The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

—*William Allingham.*

ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-by, good-by to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And ruddy breast-knot gay,
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;

It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house.
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!

—*William Allingham.*

HALF WAKING

I THOUGHT it was the little bed
I slept in long ago;
A straight white curtain at the head,
And two smooth knobs below.

I thought I saw the nursery fire,
And in a chair well known
My mother sat, and did not tire
With reading all alone.

If I should make the slightest sound
To show that I'm awake,
She'd rise, and lap the blankets round,
My pillows softly shake;

Kiss me, and turn my face to see
The shadows on the wall,
And then sing "Rousseau's Dream" to me,
Till fast asleep I fall.

But this is not my little bed;
That time is far away:
With strangers now I live instead,
From dreary day to day.

—*William Allingham.*

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy, my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.

There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton,—*"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I never was aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?

I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

—*Sydney Dobell.*

UNDER MY WINDOW

Under my window, under my window,
All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses:
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow on a hundred tip-toe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

—*Thomas Westwood.*

LITTLE BELL

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

Ancient Mariner.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he—
"What's your name? Oh stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold,"—
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks—
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er
'Neath the morning skies,
In the childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear,—
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear—
"Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern—
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return—
Bring me nuts," quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies—
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes—
And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap, dropped one by one—
Hark how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade—
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"

Down came squirrel eager for his fare—
Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;
Little Bell gave each his honest share—
  Ah the merry three!
And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
  'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
  From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms to pray—
  Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
  Paused awhile to hear—
"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That with happy heart, beside her bed
  Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, ah! very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard loft
  "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
  Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm—Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
  Little Bell, for thee!"

—*Thomas Westwood.*

CRADLE SONG

From the German

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else the sheep-dog will bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high
Who for our sakes came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away to tend the sheep
Away, thou sheep-dog fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*Elizabeth Prentiss.*

MILKING TIME

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

TWIST ME A CROWN

Twist me a crown of wind-flowers;
That I may fly away
To hear the singers at their song,
And players at their play.

Put on your crown of wind-flowers;
But whither would you go?
Beyond the surging of the sea
And the storms that blow.

Alas! your crown of wind-flowers
Can never make you fly;
I twist them in a crown to-day,
And to-night they die.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

Baby's Feet

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
  Might tempt should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
    A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
  They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink,
  Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
    A baby's feet.

II

Baby's Hands

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furl'd,
  Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd,
    A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
  When battle's bolt is hurl'd,
They close, clench'd hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearl'd
  Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
    A baby's hands.

III

Baby's Eyes

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
  Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
    A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
  And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their Paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
  Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad godhead felt within
    A baby's eyes.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,
Small white wings that we scarce can see,
    Fly.

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;
All to the haven where each would be,
    Fly.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapoury amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

In the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me—
Mine are the winds above,
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday
And the dead of long ago!

And I think of the fleet that sailed
From the lovely Gloucester shore,

I think of the fleet that sailed
And came back nevermore!
My eyes are filled with tears
And my heart is numb with woe—
It seems as if 'twere yesterday,
And it all was long ago!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

AUTUMN

The morns are meeker than they were,
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The nuts are getting brown;
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned
I'll put a trinket on.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

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THE GRASS

The grass so little has to do,—
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like pearls,
And make itself so fine,—
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away,—
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

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A DAY

I'LL tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then said I softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set I know not,
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

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FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—*Ella Higginson.*

BESIDE THE SEA

Daily the fishers' sails drift out
Upon the ocean's breast,
But nightly, like white courier doves,
They all come home to rest.

—*Ella Higginson.*

CRADLE-SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

Swung in the hollows of the deep,
While silver stars their watches keep,
Sleep, my seabird, sleep!
Our boat the glistening fishes fill,
Our prow turns homeward—hush, be still,
Sleep, my seabird, sleep—
Sleep, sleep.

The wind is springing from out the West,
Nestle thee deeper in mother's breast,
Rest, my seabird, rest!
There is no sea our boat could whelm
While thy brave father is at the helm,
Rest, my seabird, rest—
Rest, rest.

The foam flies past us like beaten cream,
The waves break over, the fierce winds scream,
Dream, my seabird, dream!

Dream of the cot where high and low,
Crimson and white, the roses blow,
Dream, my seabird, dream—
Dream, dream.

What tho' the tempest is on the deep?
Heaven will guard thee—do not weep,
Sleep, my seabird, sleep!
Be brave as a fisherman's child should be,
Rocked in the hollows of the sea,
Sleep, my seabird, sleep—
Sleep, sleep.

—*Ella Higginson.*

A FAIRY'S LOVE SONG

Oh, fireflies, fireflies, light all your candles,
For down, deep down in the sea's wet bed,
The wise little fishes have lighted their lanterns,
And luminous jelly-fish tents are spread.

I know not the way that my sweetheart is coming,
Over the mountain or vale or sea,
But if o'er the water, I know that the fishes
Swing tiny gold lanterns to light him to me.

The nights are deceptive and dangers are lurking—
Fireflies, fireflies, trim every lamp!
And red little glow-worms, keep watch in the marshes,
Down where the highways are dark and damp.

H.B.

For he may come over the purple-rimmed mountain,
Riding astride of a buffeted leaf;
Or over the sea on a gull's snowy feather
That any wild hour may be dashed on a reef!

And heaven, dear heaven, in each of thy windows
Set a star burning—I know not the day,
Or the night, or the hour, that my sweetheart is coming,
So light him and guide him upon his way.

—*Ella Higginson.*

THE CURÉS PROGRESS

Monsieur the Curé down the street
Comes with his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
And his green umbrella-case.

You may see him pass by the little *"Grande Place,"*
And the tiny *"Hôtel-de-Ville";*
He smiles as he goes, to the *fleuriste Rose,*
And the *pompier* Théophile.

He turns, as a rule, through the *"Marché"* cool,
Where the noisy fish-wives call;
And his compliments pays to the *"belle Thérèse,"*
As she sits in her dusky stall.

There's a letter to drop at the locksmith's shop,
And Toto, the locksmith's niece,
Has jubilant hopes, for the Curé gropes
In his tail for a *pain d'épice.*

There's a little dispute with a merchant of fruit,
  Who is said to be heterodox,
That will ended be with a *"ma foi, oui!"*
  And a pinch from the Curé's box.

There is also a word that no one heard
  To the furrier's daughter Lou;
And a pale cheek fed with a flickering red,
  And a *"Bon Dieu garde M'sieur!"*

But a grander way for the *sous-Préfet,*
  And a bow for Ma'm'selle Anne;
And a mock "off-hat" to the Notary's cat,
  And a nod to the Sacristan.

For ever through life the Curé goes
  With a smile on his kind old face,—
With his coat worn bare, and his straggling hair,
  And his green umbrella-case.

—*Austin Dobson.*

AN APRIL PASTORAL

He. WHITHER away, fair Neat-herdess?
She. Shepherd, I go to tend my kine.
He. Stay thou, and watch this flock of mine.
She. With thee? nay, that were idleness.
He. Thy kine will pasture none the less.
She. Not so: they wait me and my sign.
He. I'll pipe to thee beneath the pine.
She. Thy pipe will soothe not their distress.

He. Dost thou not hear beside the spring
How the gay birds are carolling?
She. I hear them. But it may not be.
He. Farewell then, Sweetheart! Farewell now.
She. Shepherd, farewell— Where goest thou?
He. I go . . . to tend thy kine for thee!

—*Austin Dobson.*

DARBY AND JOAN

Darby dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one
As the years roll on;
Darby dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I—
Ah! lad, how you cheered me then,
"Things will be better, sweet wife, again!"
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Darby, dear, but my heart was wild
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whispered "Heav'n knows best!"
And my heart found rest;
Darby, dear, 'twas your loving hand
Showed the way to the better land—
Ah! lad, as you kiss'd each tear,
Life grew better, and Heaven more near.
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for every one,
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side—
Ah! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then:
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

—*Frederic Edward Weatherly.*

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks
to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in
bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea time and before you take your
seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the
street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to
do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps
with you!

For we are very lucky with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;

And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

N·B.

The children sing in far Japan,
  The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
  Is singing in the rain.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

PART SECOND

QUEEN ALCESTIS AND THE GOD OF LOVE

From The Legend of Good Women

I fell asleep, and slept an hour or two,
Me met how I lay in the meadow tho,
To seen this flower, that I loved so and drede;
And from afar came walking in the mede
The God of Love, and in his hand a queen,
And she was clad in royal habit green,
A fret of gold she haddë next her hair,
And upon that a white crownë she bear,
With flowrouns small, and (that) I shall not lie,
For all the world right as a dayësye
Ycrownëd is, with whitë leavës lite,
So were the flowrouns of her crownë white,
For of o' perlë, fine, oriental,
Her whitë crownë was ymaked all,
For which the whitë crown above the green
Madë her like a daisy for to seem,
Considered eke her fret of gold above.
Yclothëd was this mighty God of Love
In silk, embroidered full of grenë greves,
In with a fret of redë rosë leaves,
The freshest since the world was first begun,
Her giltë hair was crownëd with a sun,

Instead of gold, for heaviness and weight,
Therewith, me thought, his facë shone so bright
That well unneathës might I him behold,
And in his hand, me thought I saw him hold
Two fiery dartës, as the gledës red,
And angelike his wingës saw I spread.
And by the hand he held this noble queen,
Crownëd with white, and clothëd all in green,
So womanly, so bénign, and so meek,
That in this world though that men wouldë seek,
Half of her beauty shouldé they not find
In creäture that formed is by kind.
And therefore may I sayn, as thinketh me,
This song in praising of this lady free.

—*Geoffrey Chaucer.*

DAME NATURE CROWNS THE SCOTTISH LION KING OF BEASTS

From The Thistle and the Rose

Dame Nature ordered every bird and beast
Before her Highness should anon compear,
And every flower of virtue, most and least,
And every herb by field, or far or near,
As they had wont in May, from year to year,
To her their Maker to make obedience,
Full low inclining with due reverence.

All present were in twinkling of an e'e,
Both beast and bird and flower, before the Queen.

N.B

And first the Lion, greatest of degree,
  Was callëd there; and he most fair to seen,
  With a full hardy countenance, and keen,
Before Dame Nature came, and did incline,
With visage bold and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,
  Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,
Right strong of corpse, of fashion fair but fear,
  Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,
  Red of his colour as is the ruby glance;
On field of gold he stood full mightily,
With fleur-de-lys encircled lustily.

This Lady lifted up his clawës clear,
  And let him listly lean upon her knee;
And crownëd him with diadem full dear
  Of radiant stones most royal for to see,
  Saying, "The King of Beastës make I thee,
And the protector chief in woods and shaws;
To thy lieges go forth, and keep the laws.

"Exerce justice with mercy and conscience;
  And let no small beast suffer scaith nor scorns
Of great beastës that been of more puissance;
  Do law alike to apes and unicorns:
  And let no bogle with his busteous horns
The meek plough-ox oppress, for all his pride,
But in the yoke go peaceable him beside."

—*William Dunbar.*

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing,
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and as still,
And as full of good-will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought.
Far may be sought,

Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

—*John Skelton.*

LORD RONALD

Old Ballad

"O WHERE ha'e ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha'e been to the wood; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I dined wi' my love; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?
What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man?"
"I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"And where are your bloodhounds, Lord Ronald, my son?
And where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"

"O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

"O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son!
O I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man!"
"O yes, I am poison'd! mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

THE GARDENER

Ballad

The gard'ner stands in his bower door,
Wi' a primrose in his hand,
And by there cam' a maiden,
As jimp as a willow wand.

"O lady, can ye fancy me,
For to be my bride?
Ye'se get a' the flowers in my garden
To be to you a weed.

"The lily white s'all be your smock;
It becomes your bodie best;
Your head s'all be buskt wi' gilly flower,
Wi' the primrose in your breast.

"Your gown shall be the sweet-william;
Your coat the camovine;
Your aprons o' the salads neat,
That taste baith sweet and fine.

"Your hose s'all be the brade kail-blade,
That is baith brade and lang;
Narrow, narrow, at the cute;
And brade, brade at the brawn.

"Your gloves s'all be the marigold,
All glittering to your hand,
Weel spread o'er wi' the blue blaewort,
That grows amang corn-land."

"O fare ye weil, young man," she says,
"Farewell, and I bid adieu;
If you can fancy me," she says,
"I cannot fancy you."

GLENLOGIE

Ballad

Threescore o' nobles rade to the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,
"Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!"

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he."
"O say na sae, mither, for that canna be;
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
Yet if I maun lo'e him, I'll certainly dee."

"Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?"

"O here am I, a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon."

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas "Wash and go dine";
'Twas "Wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine."
"O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall
be mine,
To gar a lady's errand wait till I dine."

"But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee."
The first line he read, a low smile ga'e he;
The next line he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line he read, he gart the table flee.

"Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae town";
But lang ere the horse was brought round to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he cam' to Glenfeldy's door, sma' mirth was
there;
Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair;
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome," said she,
"Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jennie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e;
"O binna feared, mither, I'll maybe no dee."

LORD LOVEL

Old Ballad

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see!"

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh, when will you come back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancý—cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancý."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancý—cy,
And some call her Lady Nancý."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnëd down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow.
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true-lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire—mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

Old Ballad

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved a bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see,—
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me!"

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear—
She secretly stole away.

She pullëd off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down on a grassy bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein:
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Would ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where were you born."
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I prithee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I'll sail away for some far country
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, good youth! O look, dear love!
She standeth by thy side;
She's here alive, she is not dead,
She's ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times, therefore!
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes float with new-repairëd scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursues the fliës small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow *springs*.

—*Earl of Surrey.*

THE AGE OF CHILDREN HAPPIEST

IF THEY HAD STILL WIT TO UNDERSTAND IT

Laid in my quiet bed in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,

And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thoughts did rise.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to 'scape the rod, a tall young man to be,
The young man eke that feels his bones with pain opprest,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest!
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How would he be a boy again to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all those three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.

—*Earl of Surrey.*

SONG—WAKE NOW, MY LOVE, AWAKE

From EPITHALAMION

WAKE now, my Love, awake! for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithone's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb,
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chaunt their lays,
And carol of love's praise:
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear Love, why do ye sleep thus long,

When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learnëd song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

THE BRIDE

From EPITHALAMION

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with perl, and perling flowers between
Do like a golden mantle her attire.
And, being crownëd with a girland green
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashëd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixëd are,
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Ne'theless, do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

—*Edmund Spenser.*

CUPID AND THE BEE

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noise,
And saw the beast so small,
"What's this," quoth he, "that gives so great a voice,
That wakens men withal?"
In angry wise he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout.

To whom his mother, closely smiling, said,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game:
"See! thou thyself likewise art little made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suff'rest neither gods in sky,
Nor man in earth, to rest;
But when thou art disposëd cruelly,
Their sleep thou dost molest.
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly."

Ne'theless, the cruel boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue,
And in his hand, with heedless hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore:

"Now out, alas," he cried, "and well-away!
I wounded am full sore;
The fly, that I so much did scorn,
Hath hurt me with his little horn."

—*Edmund Spenser.*

DIAPHENIA

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessëd
When all thy praises are expressëd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.

—*Henry Constable.*

DAMELUS' SONG TO HIS FLOCK

Feed on, my flocks, securely,
  Your shepherd watcheth surely;
Run about, my little lambs,
Skip and wanton with your dams,
  Your loving herd with care will tend ye.

Sport on, fair flocks, at pleasure,
  Nip Vesta's flow'ring treasure;
I myself will duly hark,
When my watchful dog doth bark;
  From wolf and fox I will defend ye.

—*Henry Constable.*

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY

From Menaphon

When tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
  Wend to their folds,
  And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
  Upon a tree
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch;
  There resteth he:
A little fly his harbour then did search,
And did presume, though others laughed thereat,
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frowned, and shook his royal wings,
And charged the fly
From hence to hie:
Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perch him by the eagle's side:
With moody vein,
The speedy post of Ganymede replied,
"Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die;
Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?"

The fly craved pity, still the eagle frowned:
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground:
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly,
"Be not in awe;
I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
Then seat thee here." The joyful fly up flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.

—*Robert Greene.*

DORON'S JIG

From MENAPHON

THROUGH the shrubs as I 'gan crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones,—

Nymphs I mean whose hair was black,
As the crow;
Like the snow
Her face and browës shined, I ween—
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen
As was she
On her knee
That lulled the god, whose arrow warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-faced pretty ones
As dally in love's chiefest-harms:
Such was mine,
Whose gray eyne
Made me love. I 'gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one;
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bade
"Be not sad,
Woo no more, I am thine own,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one."
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.

—*Robert Greene.*

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-linëd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
An if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

—*Christopher Marlowe.*

PART THIRD

TO CHILDREN

Invitation

Arvia, east of the morning,
  Before the daylight grayed,
I heard a night song's warning:
  "This bubble-world shall fade."

"The daytime with its fire-flower,"
  It sang, "shall fail and stray;
And Beauty, like a brier-flower,
  Shall pass—shall pass away."

Then soon the faint and far light
  Would fade beyond a beam
And we'd lie down without starlight
  And there would be no dream.

But now, when the noon is bluest,
  Like a shell that murmurs all,
I see this world is the truest
  Of any I recall.

The sky's wild birds are glancing,
  The sea's long waves are slow;
It's all a place for dancing
  But no one seems to know.

Come with me to the meadows,
We'll dance your secret name
With an outside dance in shadows
And an inside dance in flame.

The songs and the wings have slanted
And blow with a golden sound;
Life burns like a peak enchanted,
Oh wild, enchanted, crowned.

All day, while songs from the height fall,
We'll dance the valleys bright,
But we'll be on the hills at nightfall
In the lovely, lonely light.

Let's play we are a tune
And make a kind of song
About the sun and moon
Before the stars were born.
You be the breath, I'll be the horn,
It will not take us long.

—*Ridgely Torrence.*

THE WHOLE DUTY OF BERKSHIRE BROOKS

To build the trout a crystal stair;
To comb the hillside's thick green hair;
To water jewel-weed and rushes;
To teach first notes to baby thrushes;

To flavor raspberry and apple
And make a whirling pool to dapple
With scattered gold of late October;
To urge wise laughter on the sober
And lend a dream to those who laugh;
To chant the beetle's epitaph;
To mirror the blue dragonfly,
Frail airplane of a slender sky;
Over the stones to lull and leap
Herding the bubbles like white sheep;
The claims of worry to deny,
And whisper sorrow into sleep!

—*Grace Hazard Conkling.*

WATER

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.
What is water,
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

—*Hilda Conkling (A Little Girl).*

HAY-COCK

This is another kind of sweetness
Shaped like a bee-hive:
This is the hive the bees have left,
It is from this clover-heap
They took away the honey
For the other hive!

—*Hilda Conkling.*

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

I

HER HANDS

My mother's hands are cool and fair,
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hide them there
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams,—
And all the flickering song and shade
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
Memories of garden things;—
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
Brown pastures bleak and far;—
I leaned my cheek into a mist
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on
It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
Hollow and beautiful.

—*Anna Hempstead Branch.*

OUR MOTHER POCAHONTAS

(NOTE:—Pocahontas is buried at Gravesend, England.)

"Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May—did she wonder? does she remember—in the dust—in the cool tombs?"

—*Carl Sandburg.*

I

POWHATAN was conqueror,
Powhatan was emperor.
He was akin to wolf and bee,
Brother of the hickory tree.
Son of the red lightning stroke
And the lightning-shivered oak.
His panther-grace bloomed in the maid
Who laughed among the winds and played
In excellence of savage pride,
Wooing the forest, open-eyed,
In the springtime
In Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.
Her skin was rosy copper-red.
And high she held her beauteous head.
Her step was like a rustling leaf:
Her heart a nest, untouched of grief.
She dreamed of sons like Powhatan,
And through her blood the lightning ran.
Love-cries with the birds she sung,
Birdlike
In the grape-vine swung.
The Forest, arching low and wide
Gloried in its Indian bride.

Rolfe, that dim adventurer,
Had not come a courtier.
John Rolfe is not our ancestor.
We rise from out the soul of her
Held in native wonderland,
While the sun's rays kissed her hand,
In the springtime,
In Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

II

She heard the forest talking,
Across the sea came walking,
And traced the paths of Daniel Boone,
Then westward chased the painted moon.
She passed with wild young feet
On to Kansas wheat,
On to the miners' west,
The echoing cañons' guest,
Then the Pacific sand,
Waking,
Thrilling,
The midnight land. . . .

On Adams Street and Jefferson—
Flames coming up from the ground!
On Jackson Street and Washington—
Flames coming up from the ground!
And why, until the dawning sun
Are flames coming up from the ground?
Because, through drowsy Springfield sped

This redskin queen, with feathered head,
With winds and stars, that pay her court
And leaping beasts, that make her sport;
Because, gray Europe's rags august
She tramples in the dust;
Because we are her fields of corn;
Because our fires are all reborn
From her bosom's deathless embers,
Flaming
As she remembers
The springtime
And Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

III

We here renounce our Saxon blood.
Tomorrow's hopes, an April flood,
Come roaring in. The newest race
Is born of her resilient grace.
We here renounce our Teuton pride:
Our Norse and Slavic boasts have died:
Italian dreams are swept away,
And Celtic feuds are lost today. . . .
She sings of lilacs, maples, wheat,
Her own soil sings beneath her feet,
Of springtime
And Virginia,
Our Mother, Pocahontas.

—*Vachel Lindsay.*

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

Oh beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

Oh beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

Oh beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,

Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His turth is marching on.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His turth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read His fiery gospel, writ in rows of burnished steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,"
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is searching out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

In Memory of Abraham Lincoln

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE MASTER

(*Lincoln*)

A FLYING word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through,
But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:

With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree
On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,

The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or acloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham.
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

SEAL LULLABY

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

ROAD-SONG OF THE BANDAR-LOG

Here we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon!
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
Don't you wish you had extra hands?

Wouldn't you like if your tails were—*so*—
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?
Now you're angry, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.
Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

All the talk we have ever heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hide or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together!
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!
Now we are talking just like men.
Let's pretend we are . . . never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!
This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,
That rocket by, where light and high, the wild-grape swings.
By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

THE AIM WAS SONG

Before man came to blow it right
The wind once blew itself untaught,
And did its loudest day and night
In any rough place where it caught.

Man came to tell it what was wrong:
It hadn't found the place to blow;
It blew too hard—the aim was song.
And listen—how it ought to go!

He took a little in his mouth,
And held it long enough for north
To be converted into south,
And then by measure blew it forth.

By measure. It was word and note,
The wind the wind had meant to be—
A little through the lips and throat.
The aim was song—the wind could see.

—*Robert Frost.*

WAKING UP

Lift up the veils, cast them away!
Unfold the black, the dusk, the grey,
Unwind the mauve and violet
That shimmering say, "Forget—forget——"
When I lie down to sleep at night.
Now lift the innermost veil of white,

Sheer blanched oblivion lift from me
That my reviving soul may see
The world of amber and of rose
Where, flower-like, the morning grows.
I will lift up my hands on high
Saluting morning in the sky;
Oh, I will pluck it out of space
And in its beauty hide my face!

—*Marguerite Wilkinson.*

WIND IN THE PINE

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
Of the tossing trees—
Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
And splashing your silver seas
Over the pine,
To the water line
Of the moon.
Oh, I can hear you, God,
Above the wail of the lonely loon—
When the pine-tops pitch and nod—
Chanting your melodies
Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
Swashing your wind among the branches
To make them pure and white.

Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,
And your moon's wet silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night,
And leave me clean and cool.

—*Lew Sarett.*

IMMENSITY

At noon I watched
In the large hollow of eternal heaven
A soaring hawk climb slowly toward the sun.
Through gyres of adoration without end.
His flight was a great prayer. . . .

—*John Hall Wheelock.*

THE SINGERS IN A CLOUD

Overhead at sunset all heard the choir.
Nothing could be seen except jewelled grey
Raining beauty earthward, flooding with desire
All things that listened there in the broken day;
Songs from freer breathers, their unprisoned fire
Out of cloudy fountains, flying and hurled,
Fell and warmed the world.

Sudden came a wind and birds were laid bare,
Only music warmed them round their brown breasts.
They had sent the splendours pouring through the air,
Love was their heat and home far above their nests.
Light went softly out and left their voices there.
Starward passed forever all that great cry,
Burning, round the sky.

On the earth the battles war against light,
Heavy lies the harrow, bitter the field.
Beauty, like a river running through the night,

Streams past the stricken one whom it would have
healed,
But the darkened faces turn away from sight.
Blind, bewildered nations sow, reap, and fall,
Shadows gather all.

Far above the birdsong bright shines the gold.
Through the starry orchards earth's paths are hung;
As she moves among them glowing fruits unfold,
Such that the heavens there reawaken young.
Overhead is beauty, healing for the old.
Overhead is morning, nothing but youth,
Only lovely youth.

—*Ridgely Torrence.*

"NIGHT IS ON THE DOWNLAND"

Night is on the downland, on the lonely moorland,
On the hills where the wind goes over sheep-bitten turf.
Where the bent grass beats upon the unploughed poor-
land
And the pine woods roar like the surf.

Here the Roman lived on the wind-barren lonely,
Dark now and haunted by the moorland fowl;
None comes here now but the peewit only,
And moth-like death in the owl.

Beauty was here, on this beetle-droning downland;
The thought of a Cæsar in the purple came
From the palace by the Tiber in the Roman townland
To this wind-swept hill with no name.

Lonely beauty came here and was here in sadness,
Brave as a thought on the frontier of the mind,
In the camp of the wild upon the march of madness,
The bright-eyed Queen of the blind.

Now where Beauty was are the wind-withered gorses
Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's blast,
The flying sky is dark with running horses
And the night is full of the past.

—*John Masefield.*

WANDERERS

Wide are the meadows of night,
And daisies are shining there,
Tossing their lovely dews,
Lustrous and fair;
And through these sweet fields go,
Wanderers amid the stars—
Venus, Mercury, Uranus, Neptune,
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars.

Attired in their silver, they move,
And circling, whisper and say,
Fair are the blossoming meads of delight
Through which we stray.

—*Walter de la Mare.*

SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

—*Walter de la Mare.*

THE KING OF YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

A Poem Game

The King of Yellow Butterflies,
The King of Yellow Butterflies,
The King of Yellow Butterflies,
Now orders forth his men.
He says "The time is almost here
When violets bloom again."
Adown the road the fickle rout
Goes flashing proud and bold,
Adown the road the fickle rout
Goes flashing proud and bold,

Adown the road the fickle rout
Goes flashing proud and bold,
They shiver by the shallow pools,
They shiver by the shallow pools,
They shiver by the shallow pools,
And whimper of the cold.
They drink and drink. A frail pretense!
They love to pose and preen.
Each pool is but a looking-glass,
Where their sweet wings are seen.
Each pool is but a looking-glass,
Where their sweet wings are seen.
Each pool is but a looking-glass,
Where their sweet wings are seen.
Gentlemen adventurers! Gypsies every whit!
They live on what they steal. Their wings
By briars are frayed a bit.
Their loves are light. They have no house,
And if it rains today,
They'll climb into your cattle-shed,
They'll climb into your cattle-shed,
They'll climb into your cattle-shed,
And hide them in the hay,
And hide them in the hay,
And hide them in the hay,
And hide them in the hay.

—*Vachel Lindsay.*

THE CRESCENT MOON

Slipping softly through the sky
  Little horned, happy moon,
Can you hear me up so high?
  Will you come down soon?

On my nursery window-sill
  Will you stay your steady flight?
And then float away with me
  Through the summer night?

Brushing over tops of trees,
  Playing hide and seek with stars,
Peeping up through shiny clouds
  At Jupiter or Mars.

I shall fill my lap with roses
  Gathered in the milky way,
All to carry home to mother.
  Oh! what will she say!

Little rocking, sailing moon,
  Do you hear me shout—Ahoy!
Just a little nearer, moon,
  To please a little boy.

—*Amy Lowell.*

STARS

Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head,
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That aeons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

THE COIN

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin,—
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

—*Sara Teasdale.*

STARS

I am so small: when I go out
Beneath the heaven of All Souls,
And see them twinkling all about
Who won through to their briary goals;
When I look up into the dome
Their gathered constellations wreathe—
The Great, the Faithful, trooping home—
I am so small, I scarcely breathe.

I am so great—for I am I.
Not one in all that starry band
Went just the way I travel by
To overtake my fatherland.
Forever seeking mine own sign,
Lord of my spirit's lone estate,
My soul's a heaven where They shine
A part of me—I am so great.

—*Karle Wilson Baker.*

GHOST NIGHT

A HUNDRED strange things
  Looked in at the door;
There went a soft foot
  Across the old floor.

Oh, lovely and lost,
  It was you who were there,
Wrapped round in the cloak
  Of your golden long hair!

The house grew as sweet
  As a just-lit flower,
On the edge of the rain,
  In an April hour.

Wrapped round in the cloak
  Of your golden long hair,
Oh, lovely and lost,
  It was you who were there!

I fell at your feet;
  Enough you were near,
Although but a ghost
  With the ghosts of the year!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese.

TO MY HEART, BIDDING IT HAVE NO FEAR

Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days:
Him who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways,
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he has no part
With the proud, majestical multitude.

—*William Butler Yeats.*

THE FALCONER OF GOD

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings
The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.
I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.
And then, with feathery thunder, the bird of my desire
Broke from the cover

Flashing silver fire.
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stooped upon him, and gript and held him fast.

My soul dropped through the air—with heavenly plunder?—
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight,
A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled,—
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. O bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon—
A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!
I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.
The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find!

—*William Rose Benét.*

Moon Folly

I will go up the mountain after the Moon:
She is caught in a dead fir-tree.
Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl,
Like a great pale apple is she.

I will leap and will catch her with quick cold hands
And carry her home in my sack.
I will set her down safe on the oaken bench
That stands at the chimney-back.

And then I will sit by the fire all night,
And sit by the fire all day.
I will gnaw at the Moon to my heart's delight
Till I gnaw her slowly away.

And while I grow mad with the Moon's cold taste
The World will beat at my door,
Crying "Come out!" and crying "Make haste,
And give us the Moon once more!"

But I shall not answer them ever at all.
I shall laugh, as I count and hide
The great black beautiful Seeds of the Moon
In a flower-pot deep and wide.

Then I shall lie down and go fast asleep,
Drunken with flame and aswoon.
But the seeds will sprout and the seeds will leap,
The subtle swift seeds of the Moon.

And some day, all of the World that cries
And beats at my door shall see
A thousand moon-leaves spring from my thatch
On a wonderful white Moon-tree

Then each shall have Moons to his heart's desire:
Apples of silver and pearl;
Apples of orange and copper fire
Setting his five wits aswirl!

And then they will thank me, who mock me now,
"Wanting the Moon is he,"—
Oh, I'm off to the mountain after the Moon,
Ere she falls from the dead fir-tree!

—*Fannie Stearns Davis.*

NATURE'S FRIEND

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one—
To touch their wings—
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse
Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well
I rob no nest;
When I look in,
She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows,
Or they would come
After my voice
Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,
Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,
Bird, Moth and Bee.

—*William H. Davies.*

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—*Joyce Kilmer.*

A CHARM SAID UNDER AN OAK

Deus Robur Meus

Oak, with thy straightness,
Oak, with thy wholeness,
Oak, with thy brightness,
Hearten me! Aid me!
Rooted in passionate earth,
Crowned in ethereal blue,
Breathing ineffable love,
Shelter me! Shade me!

With thy sweet strength,
With thy cool peace,
With thy green joy,
Touch me and thrill me!
Spirit of patience,
Spirit of courage,
Spirit of wisdom,
Cover me! Fill me!

Balm-giving oak,
Force-giving oak,
Self-giving oak,
Inspire and elate me!
Lovely green tree of life,
Happy tall tree of hope,
Holy great tree of good,
Oh, consecrate me!
Deus Robur Meus.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

THE JOY OF THE HILLS

I RIDE on the mountain tops, I ride;
I have found my life and am satisfied.
Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
Checking the field-lark's rippling notes—
Lightly I sweep
From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high
Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;
A bee booms out of the scented grass;
A jay laughs with me as I pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
Life's hoard of regret—
All the terror and pain
Of the chafing chain.
Grind on, O cities, grind:
I leave you a blur behind.

I am lifted elate—the skies expand:
Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
Let them weary and work in their narrow walls:
I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream—I swing
Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing!
The world is gone like an empty word:
My body's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird!

—*Edwin Markham.*

THE WATER OUZEL

Little brown surf-bather of the mountains!
Spirit of foam, lover of cataracts, shaking your wings in falling waters!
Have you no fear of the roar and rush when Nevada plunges—
Nevada, the shapely dancer, feeling her way with slim, white fingers?
How dare you dash at Yosemite the mighty—
Tall, white-limbed Yosemite, leaping down, down over the cliff?
Is it not enough to lean on the blue air of mountains?
Is it not enough to rest with your mate at timberline, in bushes that hug the rocks?
Must you fly through mad waters where the heaped-up granite breaks them?
Must you batter your wings in the torrent?
Must you plunge for life or death through the foam?

—*Harriet Monroe.*

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?
Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

N.B.

Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

—*Ralph Hodgson.*

THE WHISTLING BOY

Spring Song

I could hear him coming toward me, for the sound was very clear,
And when I turned a sudden bend I saw that he was near—
A whistling boy, a country boy, upon a country road,
With rounded cheeks and pursed lips from which the music flowed;
A country boy with gladness and a tirra-lirra lay,
And oh, but it was pleasant to hear, and oh, but it was gay!

The morning mists were rising soft, and vaguely could be seen
Upon the damp and smoking fields the slender shoots of green,
And in the corner by the fence the sheep that huddled lay
Together in a fleecy group to wait the coming day;
But the boy did not look at them as he went slowly by
With his tirra-lirra music and a grave and sober eye.

And then the sun shone brightly forth and startled into song
Full four-and-twenty little birds that had been silent long,
And the mist blew from the meadows, and all the silly lambs
Rose stiff-leggèd and bleating beside their feeding dams.
But the boy passed slowly by me and he said never a word;
His hair was white like the fleece of a lamb, and his song like a bird.

I turned and watched him as he went along the road alone;
A rabbit scurried over his path; he stooped and threw a stone;
But for all the sounds that he might hear or sights that he might see,
Oh, never a moment did he pause in his blithe minstrelsy,
But higher and higher rose his tune till all the air did ring,
For his body was the body of Youth and his soul the soul of Spring.

—*John Bunker.*

CHARM: TO BE SAID IN THE SUN

I REACH my arms up, to the sky,
And golden vine on vine
Of sunlight showered wild and high,
Around my brows I twine.

I wreathe, I wind it everywhere,
The burning radiancy
Of brightness that no eye may dare,
To be the strength of me.

Come, redness of the crystalline,
Come green, come hither blue
And violet—all alive within,
For I have need of you.

Come honey-hue and flush of gold,
And through the pallor run,
With pulse on pulse of manifold
New largess of the Sun!

O steep the silence till it sing!
O glories from the height,
Come down, where I am garlanding
With light, a child of light!

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

AN APRIL MORNING

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumy willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

—*Bliss Carman.*

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea: out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

MOUNTAIN LAUREL[1]

(A Connecticut Poet Returns to His Hills Singing)

I have been wandering in the lonely valleys,
Where mountain laurel grows
And, in among the rocks, and the tall dark pine-trees
The foam of the young bloom flows,
In a riot of rose-white stars, all drenched with the dew-fall,
And musical with the bee,
Let the fog-bound cities over their dead wreaths quarrel.
Wild laurel for me!

Wild laurel—mountain laurel—
Bright as the breast of a cloud at break of day,
White-flowering laurel, wild mountain laurel,
Rose-dappled snowdrifts, warm with the honey of May!
On the happy hill-sides, in the green valleys of Connecticut,
Where the trout-streams go carolling to the sea,
I have laughed with the lovers of song and heard them singing
"Wild laurel for me!"

[1] Dedicated to my friends Carl and E. B. Stoeckel, in memory of one of their music festivals at Norfolk, Connecticut.

Far, far away is the throng that has never known beauty,
Or looked upon unstained skies.
Did they think that my songs would scramble for withered bay-leaves
In the streets where the brown fog lies?
They never have seen their wings, then, beating westward,
To the heights where song is free,
To the hills where the laurel is drenched with the dawn's own colours,
Wild laurel for me!

Wild laurel—mountain laurel—
Where Robert o' Lincoln sings in the dawn and the dew,
White-flowering laurel—wild mountain laurel,
Where song springs fresh from the heart, and the heart is true!
They have gathered the sheep to their fold, but where is the eagle?
They have bridled their steeds, but when have they tamed the sea,
They have caged the wings, but never the heart of the singer,
"Wild laurel for me!"

If I never should find you again, O lost companions,
When the rose-red month begins,
With the wood-smoke curling blue by the Indian river,
And the sound of the violins,

In dreams the breath of your green glens would still
haunt me,
Where night and her stars, drawing down on
blossom and tree,
Turn earth to heaven, and whisper their love till
daybreak.
Wild laurel for me!

Wild laurel—mountain laurel—
O, mount again, wild wings, to the stainless blue,
White-flowering laurel, wild mountain laurel,
And all the glory of song that the young heart knew.
I have lived. I have loved. I have sung in the happy
valleys,
Where the trout-streams go carolling to the sea,
I have met the lovers of song in the sunset bringing
"Wild laurel for me!"

—*Alfred Noyes.*

COLUMBINES

Late were we sleeping
Deep in the mold,
Clasping and keeping
Yesterday's gold—
Hoardings of sunshine,
Crimson and gold;
Dreaming of light till our dream became
Aureate bells and beakers of flame,—

Splashed with the splendor of wine of flame.
Raindrop awoke us;
Zephyr bespoke us;
Chick-a-dee called us,
Bobolink called us,—
Then we came.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—*Thomas Edward Brown.*

GRACE FOR GARDENS

LORD GOD in Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless the little gardens
And the good green growing!

Give us sun,
  Give us rain,
Bless the orchards
  And the grain!

Lord God in Paradise,
  Please bless the beans and peas,
Give us corn full on the ear—
  We will praise Thee, Lord, for these!
Bless the blossom
  And the root,
Bless the seed
  And the fruit!

Lord God in Paradise,
  Over my brown field is seen,
Trembling and adventuring.
  A miracle of green.
Send such grace
  As you know,
To keep it safe
  And make it grow!

Lord God in Paradise,
  For the wonder of the seed,
Wondering, we praise you, while
  We tell you of our need.
Look down from Paradise,
  Look upon our sowing,
Bless the little gardens
  And the good green growing!

Give us sun,
  Give us rain,
Bless the orchards
  And the grain!

—*Louise Driscoll.*

CANTICLE

Devoutly worshipping the oak
Wherein the barred owl stares,
The little feathered forest folk
Are praying sleepy prayers:

Praying the summer to be long
And drowsy to the end,
And daily full of sun and song,
That broken hopes may mend.

Praying the golden age to stay
Until the whippoorwill
Appoints a windy moving-day,
And hurries from the hill.

—*William Griffith.*

IN THE POPPY FIELD

Mad Patsy said, he said to me,
That every morning he could see
An angel walking on the sky;
Across the sunny skies of morn

He threw great handfuls far and nigh
Of poppy seed among the corn;
And then, he said, the angels run
To see the poppies in the sun.

A poppy is a devil weed,
I said to him—he disagreed;
He said the devil had no hand
In spreading flowers tall and fair
Through corn and rye and meadow land,
By garth and barrow everywhere:
The devil has not any flower,
But only money in his power.

And then he stretched out in the sun
And rolled upon his back for fun:
He kicked his legs and roared for joy
Because the sun was shining down.
He said he was a little boy
And would not work for any clown:
He ran and laughed behind a bee,
And danced for very ecstasy.

—*James Stephens.*

THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

I WENT to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the levelled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be, as he had been,—alone,

"As all must be," I said within my heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a bewildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim over night
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly-weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him,
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

—*Robert Frost.*

UP A HILL AND A HILL

Up a hill and a hill there's a sudden orchard-slope,
And a little tawny field in the sun;
There's a gray wall that coils like a twist of frayed-out rope,
And grasses nodding news one to one.

Up a hill and a hill there's a windy place to stand,
And between the apple-boughs to find the blue
Of the sleepy summer sea, past the cliffs of orange sand,
With the white charmèd ships sliding through,

Up a hill and a hill there's a little house as gray
As a stone that the glaciers scored and stained;
With a red rose by the door, and a tangled garden-way
And a face at the window, checker-paned.

I could climb, I could climb, till the shoes fell off my feet,
Just to find that tawny field above the sea!
Up a hill and a hill,—oh, the honeysuckle's sweet!
And the eyes at the window watch for me!

—Fannie Stearns Davis.

COW SONG

KLANG! Kling! the cow-bells ring
As the cows come home at night.
Slowly they pass over the grass,
Black and brown and white.

Sleepy and slow each one will go
With daisies and clover in her;
At the milking stall she'll give them all
As milk for Kenton's dinner.

—Aline Kilmer.

DOROTHY'S GARDEN

Dear, in all your garden I have planted yellow lilies,
Dainty yellow lilies everywhere you go:
They are nodding slim and stately down the paths along the hedges,
Delicately stepping they curtsey in a row.

So when you walk among them like a lily in your slimness,
With your shining head just bending graciously,
All the little angels that look down upon your garden
Will wonder which is lily and which is Dorothy.

—*Aline Kilmer.*

THE ICE-CART

Perched on my city office-stool,
I watched with envy, while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice. . . .
And I was wandering in a trice,
Far from the grey and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street,
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow
Of everlasting Polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled, unawares,
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels
And floundered after shining seals

Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
And as I watched them, ere I knew,
I'd stripped, and I was swimming too,
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with threshing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap
Through crackling ice and salty deep—
Diving and doubling with my kind,
Until, at last, we left behind
Those big, white, blundering bulks of death,
And lay, at length, with panting breath
Upon a far untravelled floe,
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
Out of the endless Polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far untravelled shore,
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold white drifting sleep—
Sleep drifting deep,
Deep drifting sleep. . . .

The carter cracked a sudden whip:
I clutched my stool with startled grip,
Awakening to the grimy heat
Of that intolerable street.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry,
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the brimming water among the stones
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth Autumn has come upon me
Since I first made my count;
I saw, before I had well finished,
All suddenly mount
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,
And now my heart is sore.
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,
The first time on this shore,
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold,
Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old;
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water
Mysterious, beautiful;

Among what rushes will they build,
By what lake's edge or pool
Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day
To find they have flown away?

—*William Butler Yeats.*

"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN"

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through
the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn
days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves as golden as the
morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but
still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed
to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the
shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover over-
head!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a
feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yaller
heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmern-
folks is through
With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse
and sausage too! . . .

I don't know how to tell it—but ef such a thing could be
As the angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around
on *me*—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin'
flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

TO A SNOWFLAKE

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?—
God was my shaper,
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,

Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.

—*Francis Thompson.*

PRAYER

Last night I crept across the snow,
Where only tracking rabbits go,
And then I waited quite alone
Until the Christmas radiance shone!

At midnight twenty angels came,
Each white and shining like a flame.
At midnight twenty angels sang,
The stars swung out like bells and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,
They bore me in their arms until
A greater glory greeted them.
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,
All worshipping that holy town,
And gently, then, they bade me raise
My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down.
Ah, there was glory in that town!
It was as if the world were free
And glistening with purity.

And in that vault of crystal blue,
It was as if the world were new,
And myriad angels, file on file,
Gloried in the Christ-child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see
Such glory, for a child like me,
So beautiful, it does not seem
It could have been a Christmas dream.

—*John Farrar.*

VELVET SHOES

Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
  Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
  On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

—*Elinor Wylie.*

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OLD BED

The wind's on the wold
And the night is a-cold,
And Thames runs chill
'Twixt mead and hill.
But kind and dear
Is the old house here
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm.
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
'Twixt summer and spring,
When all birds sing
In the town of the tree,
And ye lie in me
And scarce dare move,
Lest the earth and its love
Should fade away
Ere the full of the day.
I am old and have seen
Many things that have been;

N.B.

Both grief and peace
And wane and increase.
No tale I will tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say:
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst or best
Right good is rest.

—*William Morris.*

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

—*Padraic Colum.*

GRACE FOR LIGHT

When we were little childer we had a quare wee house,
Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' Burn;
The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the crowin' grouse,
An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the wall,
An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just anywhere we might;
Herself 'ud take the rush dip an' light it for us all,
An' *"God be thanked!"* she would say,—*"now we have a light."*

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,
An' think on One who called us to come and be forgiven;
Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word more,
"May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heaven!"

There's a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their day,
The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;
But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way,
Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for light.

—*Moira O'Neill.*

"WONDER WHERE THIS HORSESHOE WENT"

Wonder where this horseshoe went.
Up and down, up and down,
Up and past the monument,
Maybe into town.

Wait a minute. "Horseshoe,
How far have you been?"
Says it's been to Salem
And halfway to Lynn.

Wonder who was in the team.
Wonder what they saw.
Wonder if they passed a bridge—
Bridge with a draw.

Says it went from one bridge
Straight upon another.
Says it took a little girl
Driving with her mother.

—*Edna St. Vincent Millay.*

A SONG OF SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood: dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark; the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep:
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-feather;
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves:
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

WOODEN SHIPS

They are remembering forests where they grew,—
The midnight quiet and the giant dance;
And all the murmuring summers that they knew
Are haunting still their altered circumstance.

Leaves they have lost, and robins in the nest,
  Tug of the goodly earth denied to ships,
These, and the rooted certainties, and rest,—
  To gain a watery girdle at the hips.

Only the wind that follows ever aft,
  They greet not as a stranger on their ways;
But this old friend, with whom they drank and laughed,
  Sits in the stern and talks of other days
When they had held high bacchanalias still,
Or dreamed among the stars on some tall hill.

—*David Morton.*

SAILING AT DAWN

One by one the pale stars die before the day now,
  One by one the great ships are stirring from their sleep,
Cables all are rumbling, anchors all aweigh now,
  Now the fleet's a fleet again, gliding toward the deep.
    Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
      Splendor of the past comes shining in the spray,
    Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
      Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day!

Far away behind us tower and town are dwindling,
  Home becomes a fair dream faded long ago;
Infinitely glorious the height of heaven is kindling,
  Infinitely desolate the shoreless sea below.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways!
Splendor of the past comes shining in the spray!
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day!

Once again with proud hearts we make the old surrender,
Once again with high hearts serve the age to be,
Not for us the warm life of Earth, secure and tender,
Ours the eternal wandering and warfare of the sea.
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound upon the old ways,
Splendor of the past comes shining in the spray,
Admirals of old time, bring us on the bold ways!
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the line to-day!

—*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in olden time.

THE MERCHANTS (*together*)

AWAY, for we are ready to a man!
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.
Lead on, O master of the Caravan:
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Bagdad.

THE CHIEF DRAPER

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

THE CHIEF GROCER

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles
By Ali of Damascus; we have swords
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,
And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

THE PILGRIMS

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea.

White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born, but surely we are brave,
Who make the golden journey to Samarkand.

THE CHIEF MERCHANT

We gnaw the nail of hurry. Master, away!

ONE OF THE WOMEN

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.
Is not Bagdad the beautiful? O stay!

THE MERCHANTS (*in chorus*)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

AN OLD MAN

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?
Seek not excess: God hateth him who roams!

THE MERCHANTS (*in chorus*)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

A PILGRIM WITH A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells
  When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
  Along the golden road to Samarkand.

A MERCHANT

We travel not for trafficking alone:
  By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:
For lust of knowing what should not be known
  We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!

THE WATCHMAN

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

THE MERCHANTS (*with a shout*)

We make the golden journey to Samarkand.
(*The Caravan passes through the gate.*)

THE WATCHMAN (*consoling the women*)

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
  Men are unwise and curiously planned.

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN (*in the distance, singing*)
We make the golden journey to Samarkand.

—*James Elroy Flecker.*

THE OLD KINGS

ALL of the Old Kings
  Are wakened from their sleep,
Arthur out of Avalon,
  Ogier from the deep,
Redbeard from his Dragon-Rock,
  Sigurd from his fen . . .
"Is it time," they rise and cry,
  "To lead our hosts again"?"

They have donned their wingèd helms,
  They would rise and reign,
The young king Sebastian,
  The old king Charlemagne,
Harold with his great bow,
  Roland with his horn . . .
Men have heard their horses' hoofs
  Many a scarlet morn!

The Old Kings have risen . . .
  Where the hosts advance
Redbeard cries his Germans on.
  Karle cries out for France,

Up and down the battlefield
  Ghostly armies beat,
Stilly down the gray sea glides
  Olaf's shadow-fleet:

Up and down the red fields
  Men have seen them go,
Seen the long plumes on the wind,
  Seen the pennons flow,
Harry out of Agincourt
  Sends his bowmen wide,
Joan that has forgiven them
  Battles at their side. . . .

Christ, king of Paradise,
  Hasten with Thy hosts,
Angels all in silver mail,
  Saints and blessed ghosts,
Cry the long swords sheathed again,
  Cry the pennons furled,
Lest under Ragnarok
  Lie the shattered world!

—*Margaret Widdemer.*

SEA-FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy
life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-
rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
over.

—*John Masefield.*

THE DARK HILLS

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

—*Edwin Arlington Robinson.*

KNIGHT ERRANT

(Saint George)

"Spirits of old that bore me,
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
And deeds as great behind,—
Knowing Humanity my star,
As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me wear, with every scar,
Honour at eventide.

"Let claws of lightning clutch me
From summer's groaning cloud,
Or ever malice touch me
And glory make me proud.
O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire:
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
Not long life by the fire.

"Forethought and recollection
Rivet mine armour gay.
The passion for perfection
Redeem my failing way!
The arrows of the upper slope
From sudden ambush cast,
Rain quick and true, with one to ope
My Paradise at last!

"I fear no breathing bowman,
But only—east and west—
That awful other foeman
Impowered in my breast.
The outer fray in the sun shall be,
The inner beneath the moon;
And may Our Lady lend to me
Sight of the Dragon soon!"

—*Louise Imogen Guiney.*

HOLINESS

If all the carts were painted gay,
And all the streets swept clean,
And all the children came to play
By hollyhocks, with green
Grasses to grow between,
If all the houses looked as though
Some heart were in their stones,
If all the people that we know
Were dressed in scarlet gowns,
With feathers in their crowns,

I think this gaiety would make
A spiritual land.
I think that holiness would take
This laughter by the hand,
Till both should understand.

—*John Drinkwater.*

THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Her dreams are innocent at night;
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

—*Alice Meynell.*

A SONG

For Mercy, Courage, Kindness, Mirth,
There is no measure upon earth.
Nay, they wither, root and stem,
If an end be set to them.

Overbrim and overflow,
If your own heart you would know;
For the spirit born to bless
Lives but in its own excess.

—*Laurence Binyon.*

IDEALISTS

Brother Tree:
Why do you reach and reach?
do you dream some day to touch the sky?
Brother Stream:
Why do you run and run?
do you dream some day to fill the sea?
Brother Bird:
Why do you sing and sing?
do you dream—

Young Man:
Why do you talk and talk and talk?

—*Alfred Kreymborg.*

THE SONG OF A HEATHEN

(Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32)

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to Him
And to Him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

MONOTONE

The monotone of the rain is beautiful,
And the sudden rise and slow relapse
Of the long multitudinous rain.

The sun on the hills is beautiful,
Or a captured sunset, sea-flung,
Bannered with fire and gold.

A face I know is beautiful—
With fire and gold of sky and sea,
And the peace of long warm rain.

—Carl Sandburg.

THE FLOWER OF MENDING

(To Eudora, after I had had certain dire adventures)

When Dragon-fly would fix his wings,
When Snail would patch his house,
When moths have marred the overcoat
Of tender Mister Mouse,

The pretty creatures go with haste
To the sunlit blue-grass hills
Where the Flower of Mending yields the wax
And webs to help their ills.

The hour the coats are waxed and webbed
They fall into a dream,
And when they wake the ragged robes
Are joined without a seam.

My heart is but a dragon-fly,
My heart is but a mouse,
My heart is but a haughty snail
In a little stony house.

Your hand was honey-comb to heal,
Your voice a web to bind.
You were a mending flower to me
To cure my heart and mind.

—Vachel Lindsay.

SONG OF FAITH

Now it is possible, now it is true,
For faith in my heart was born and grew

As a handful of earth by the road takes form
In quiet cool roots and blossoms warm,

Till, rising up from the ground near me,
It gave me God for my living tree,

Tree of the world, whose shade is release,
Whose flower is love, whose fruit is peace.

Whose murmuring word is song in the heart
And a wind in the mind that is blown apart;

And I am satisfied day and night
Hidden from fear and saved from delight

By fear most sweet and delight most grave—
I shall kneel and be glad, I shall rise and be brave;

I shall find branching over my way
A sylvan holiness fair to obey.

Arbor adorable, over me bend
Shelter and sustenance world without end.

—*Marguerite Wilkinson.*

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